Anniversary

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by anabridge

Summary

Will disappears for the night without a word before their anniversary, so Hannibal teaches him a lesson.

Notes

This was not originally supposed to have a soft ending, but Will and Hannibal are soft for one another. Comments welcome! More Hannigram smut on my Twitter @hannabitchwill

Hannibal falls asleep alone. Will hasn't responded to any of his messages or calls. Late at night, the bedroom door opens. Will's cold frame snuggles up against Hannibal's warmth. Of course, Hannibal welcomes Will into his arms. Will knows what's to come. Hannibal rises early to prepare breakfast, as he usually does. What he does not expect, is for Will to walk into the kitchen with only a long t-shirt. "Good morning," he says with a yawn. Instead of giving Hannibal a kiss, he reaches into the cupboard behind him to grab a glass.

Hannibal snarls. Will's round, beautiful cheeks are on full display as he stretches, putting on a show. Turning off the stove, Hannibal reaches one arm to pull Will's side tight against him. He takes a deep breath, inhaling the rich, woodsy smell of Will's curls.

"Pine trees, Will. You smell of the forest. I don't hear from you because of a late-night stroll in the woods?" Hannibal asks, holding Will in place against his body.

"No Hannibal. If you must know, I was preparing your anniversary gift. And before you ask, the answer is no." Will continues, "I cannot tell you what it is. At least, not until tomorrow night."

Hannibal's nostrils flare. "It is incredibly rude, Will, to leave your husband waiting for you in bed. You know what's to come. I see you've come ready for your punishment."

Hannibal softly caresses Will's plump ass cheek. "I think 15 will suffice for today." He feels Will's grin against his shoulder. "Yes, Hannibal, whatever you say." Hannibal knows that Will's actions were intentional last night. He enjoys this punishment just as much as he does.

With a firm grasp in his brown curls, Hannibal pushes Will face down onto the kitchen counter. He pulls Will's shirt up against his ribs, his gaze set on the firm rounds in front of him. Hannibal can't help but push his hips against those cheeks before he starts.

He sees Will's Chesire grin against the expensive black granite. "Count for me, Will," he demands as he lays a firm smack against his left cheek. "One" Will pushes back against the hand that smoothes away the light burn. "Two" Will says as the second slap lands more sharply.

Hannibal continues, alternating between each cheek, his spanks increasing in force. On the tenth, rapid smack against his left cheek, Will moans. The burning sensation spreads through his body like a flame. Hannibal reaches down to stroke Will's length once, briskly.

He then squeezes against the base of Will's cock. "You're so wet for me already. But you mustn't come, dear. Not yet." He uses the copious slick on Will's tip to coat his fingers. Then he plunges those two fingers deep into Will's tight hole. The tops of his fingers graze his prostate but stay still deep within Will.

Will's moans echo throughout the kitchen. "Fuck yes, Hannibal." Hannibal lands another sharp slap against his burning cheeks. "Oh, God!" Will shrieks at the combination of pain and pleasure.

Hannibal's fingers deep within him continue to push against his prostate as blow after blow lands against Will's tender backside. Will grows restless, pushing back against the insistent fingers.

"Fifteen!" Will screams as he gives in to his orgasm. His come paints their cabinets.

"Beautiful, my dear. You come apart so beautifully for me," Hannibal praises. Before he can enjoy the intense relief from his orgasm, Hannibal grabs Will by the nape and forces him down onto his knees on the kitchen floor. Will looks positively debauched. His face is flushed and his bottom lip is swollen after being bitten during his punishment. As he catches his breath, Will opens his eyes and looks expectantly at Hannibal who puts the same fingers that were in his ass just moments ago into his mouth.

"Taste yourself, Will." Will moans around the fingers coated in his musky scent. Then, Hannibal abruptly pulls his fingers out. "Unzip me, Will," he commands. Will quickly reaches up to loosen Hannibal's belt, unzip him, and pull out his leaking, rock-hard cock. Will admires his uncut, reddened tip for a few seconds before Hannibal thrusts inside.

And because he is every bit as much of a masochist as he is a sadist, Hannibal pushes his cock into the side of Will's cheek and repeatedly slaps that same cheek. Each smack roughly pushes his sensitive cock against Will's sharp molars. Hannibal groans.

He truly enjoys this mix of pleasure and pain. The sight of Will's mouth stretched open so wide and the saliva dripping down his face brings Hannibal closer and closer to his own release. "Any minute now, beloved," Hannibal warns him.

Will does not move beneath him. His hands remain clasped behind his back as stays on his knees that keep his sensitive, still burning ass from touching the floor. Hannibal switches to the other side and continues to slap against his own cock nestled deep within Will's soft cheek.

"Now, Will!" Hannibal shouts as he thrusts deeply into Will's throat. Hannibal comes with the feel of Will gagging around his cock. Will struggles to swallow as the warm come spurts against the back of his throat. He breathes in and out harshly.

And because he wants to ensure that Will knows what will come the next time he earns this punishment, Hannibal thrusts in so deeply that Will's nose rests against his smooth pelvic bone. He holds there until he feels his cock begin to soften within Will's throat.

Hannibal pulls out and places one final, rough slap against Wil's cheek. And just so he can taste himself on Will's lips all morning long, Hannibal squeezes his cock to spread his remaining come onto Will's soft lips. "There we go, Will. I think that should suffice. For now."

Will smiles sweetly beneath him. Hannibal gently lifts Will off the ground and into his arms. Will crosses his legs against Hannibal's back as he is carried to their bedroom for aftercare.

Between gentle kisses that allow Hannibal to taste himself on Will's lips, "I. Promise. Tell. You. What. I. Did. Tomorrow," Will says.

"Of course darling, all is forgiven" Hannibal responds before pulling out the cooling lotion to rub against Will's bright red ass. And because he just can't resist, he prods one finger to tease at Will's entrance.

The next evening, Will and Hannibal celebrate their third anniversary at a Louisiana Creole restaurant, enjoying the comforting flavors that Will grew up with during his childhood on the bayou.

After, Will takes him deep within the woods. A mile into their walk, he sees a dimly lit cottage in the distance. In the clearing right in front of him, are a pair of matching tombstones engraved **Abigail Hobbs** and **Mischa Lecter**. Hannibal gasps. "It's beautiful, Will."

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